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FROM

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Lucy A. Palmer -

Nov 13th 1876



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\\ A MEMOIR

OF

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH;

EMBRACING THE PERIOD

FROM THE CLOSE OF HER PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS
TO HER DEATH.

BY

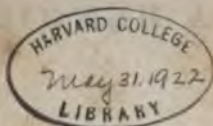
L. H. J. TONNA.



NEW YORK:
M. W. DODD,
BRICK CHURCH CHAPEL, OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

1847. //

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Mrs. Wm. C. Lane

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE presentation to the American public of a Memoir, however brief, of one whose productions have received so extensive a perusal in this country as the popular authoress under the signature of "CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH," cannot fail to command attention.

Rarely has a writer on religious subjects presented thoughts so voluminously, and so attractively, as this gifted individual. Her works have had access to the palace and the cottage, and the results of her labors have been apparent in the melioration of the condition of the Irish peasant and the English operative. Her stirring appeals in behalf of both, to the British Government, were not unheeded.

An active mind and a lively imagination, combined with indomitable energy, enabled her to gather materials for her works of fiction, and to invest the characters introduced with a reality, in reference to the condition of a class, that would enable the reader to identify it, and impel him to inquire for a remedy for the prevailing evil, with an earnestness irresistible.

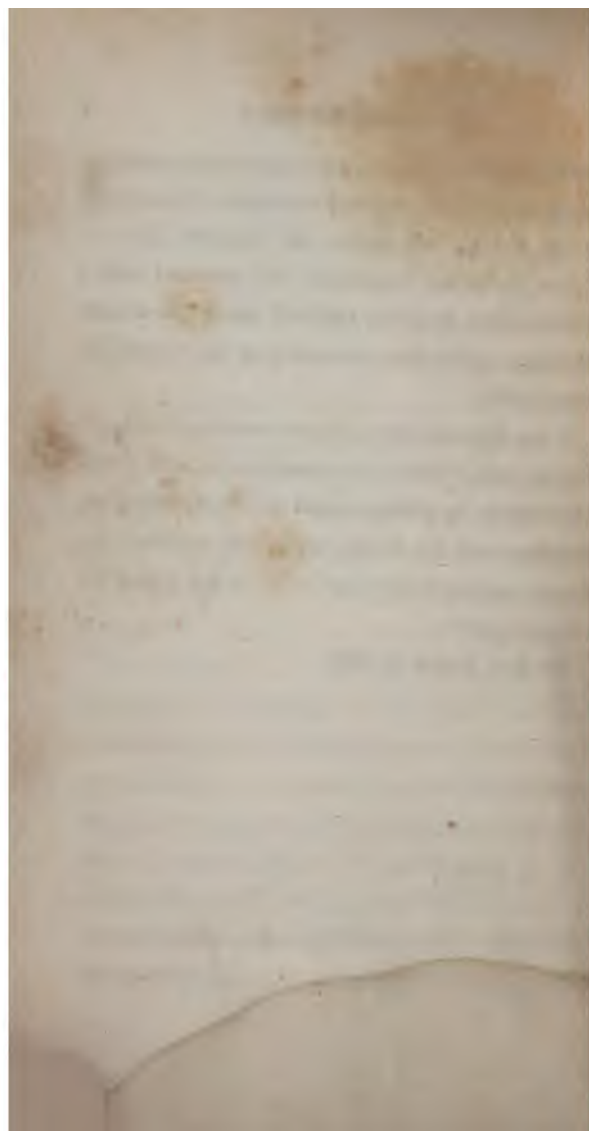
The following pages were prepared by the surviving husband of "Charlotte Elizabeth." They communicate to the public, and especially that portion who have perused the work entitled, "Personal Recollections," many facts and incidents, which could only be presented after her career on earth had been closed.

The appearance of what may be regarded as a supplement to "Personal Recollections," has been looked for with interest, both in England and America; and it is only to be regretted, that this little volume could not be swelled by the multiplication of incidents similar to those introduced. It will however be recollected, that the publication, after her decease, of any correspondence in which she took part, was strictly forbidden by her; and the particulars given in the

work referred to, in her own energetic style, were the outpourings of her personal experience, during a long period of trial, both mental and physical. Her religious views and experience, are presented with a clearness and simplicity that will render the attempt to enlarge on the after occurrences of her eventful life unadvisable.

It was therefore left to him who was best calculated, from his past relation to the authoress, to meet public expectations, by giving a rapid sketch of leading occurrences, and the literary labors that engrossed her time and strength, up to the period of her joining the ransomed above.

New York, August, 28, 1847.



MEMOIR
OF
CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

THE "Personal Recollections" were written by CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, at the close of the year 1840, and in the opening chapter, she states the motives which induced their publication—to preclude the necessity of posthumous biography, by laying before the public all that they were justly entitled to know, of one, who, in the providence of God, had been called to the responsible duties of Christian authorship. It was her in-

tention to have enlarged this sketch, and to have continued the narrative, if the Lord spared her to a season of repose on earth, ere He called her to the glorious and everlasting rest which remaineth for His people ; but it was otherwise ordained, and the six years that followed this publication were amongst the most laborious and active of her eventful life. The following brief and imperfect outline is therefore the only substitute that can be offered for her own more comprehensive and perfect plan.

In the year 1836, she removed from Edmonton, the residence alluded to in page 120, to Blackheath, where she remained until her removal to London, a year before her death. In

1837, she again visited the land endeared to her by many precious ties—the land of her spiritual birth, and where now rested the remains of that brother whom she had so tenderly loved,—and, in her “Letter from Ireland,” she has left behind her a graphic account of this visit. In this year she heard of the death of Captain Phelan, and in February 1841, she became the wife of Mr. Tonna, her surviving widower.* In taking this step, unexpected as it was to her friends, she only sought counsel of the Lord; nor did He withhold His guidance and blessing; and

* Although the third person is used to avoid the unpleasant egotism of the first, the writer has no wish to conceal his identity.

while the enjoyment of domestic happiness and peace did not induce any relaxation in her desire to work in the Lord's vineyard, He was graciously pleased to open to her new and extended spheres of usefulness.

In the summer of 1841, she undertook, at the request of the Committee of the Protestant Association, the editorship of the "Protestant Magazine," their official organ, though for obvious reasons her name was not announced; although she continued, as heretofore, to write papers in it under her usual signature. The leading paper, called "The Watchman," was always from her own pen; and while the workings of Popery in its own undisguised form

were narrowly watched, and exposed, its more subtle manifestations under the form of Tractarianism and Highchurchmanship, were no less vigorously assailed. Strong and urgent were the remonstrances she received from anonymous correspondents, to desist from this latter course, and more than once the "reverend editor" was cautioned not to admit into "*his*" pages, the productions of that *dangerous writer, Charlotte Elizabeth.*

At about this time Judah's Lion was commenced, and published month by month, in the Christian Lady's Magazine. This was her last work of fiction. The conviction grew on her mind that such writings were not wholly con-

sistent with Christian sincerity and truth ; and though she could not but admit that the Lord had given an extensive blessing to her own labors in this department of literature, she attributed the welcome reception of such works to an unhealthy tone in the public mind. To describe the operations of God the Holy Spirit, and the mighty work of regeneration, as taking place in beings who existed only in her own imagination—to delineate struggles of conscience which had never taken place—and above all, to indite prayers which had never been uttered, and record their answers—seemed to her, now, something like profanation ; and it was with some difficulty that she wrote the con-

cluding chapters of the fascinating work in which her readers were so deeply interested.

But she did not hesitate—and here was evinced that strong conscientiousness which marked her character. Fictitious narrative was to her a pleasant recreation, rather than labor. The absence of all sound enabled her to shut out the real world about her, and yielding to the vivid impulses of her imagination, the characters of her story were, for the time, living and actual beings, whose words and actions she was describing as she heard and saw them. No previous plan was laid down—not even the most general sketch formed in her own mind as to the outline of the

story. The principle character generally owed its origin to some living prototype, and around him events and persons grouped themselves insensibly. On an early day in the month, she would remark that it was the day for Judah's Lion, and in the evening would relate the events that had befallen Alick Cohen and Da Costa, with as much eagerness and vivacity as though they had been real occurrences of the day. On one occasion she joyfully greeted the writer, on his return home, with the words, "Charlie is better," alluding to her favorite character in the book—and then added, that she had met a dear friend, who, almost with tears in her eyes, had entreated her not to let the

dear child die, and she added, "I was quite unhappy about him myself."

The manuscript was never read over, but sent at once to the printer, and the proofs sometimes affected her even to tears. She declared that it was often almost as new and interesting to her, as it could be to her readers; yet on resuming the narrative, after the lapse of a month, the thread of the most intricate story was at once taken up, and with the renewed abstraction its reality revived.

The few years that passed from this time, up to the period when the fatal malady made its appearance, were perhaps amongst the happiest of her life. Immediately after breakfast, she went

to her desk, locking the door to exclude interruptions ; the company of her two dogs, and a splendid cockatoo, assisting rather than interfering with her meditations : and when her pen was laid aside, her garden afforded ever new delight ; and with her, gardening was no light occupation. She smiled at lady gardeners who only enjoyed the labors of others. From the moment the gravel walks and beds were formed, all was the work of her own hands ; and the most laborious operations were to her refreshment and enjoyment. Each plant—each bud was familiar to her. She knew their history—their vicissitudes, and the growth and expansion of each became a source of lively and never-

failing interest. The emotions produced in her mind by the brilliant tints of flowers, can only be compared to those of music to others, and this love of color was regulated by the most delicate sense of harmony in their disposition and arrangement. The writer wears at this moment a small diamond ring, which she kept in her desk, and would place on her finger only when engaged in writing; the occasional flashing of the brilliants as the light fell upon them, producing most pleasurable sensations in her mind, and greatly assisting the flow of her thoughts and imagination. Her countenance, at such moments, would light up with animation, and if an inquiring glance were turned to her,

she would smile, and add, "Oh, it was only the diamonds."

Often would she lay down her pen in the midst of some work requiring the whole energy of her mind, and much concentration of thought, and go to her garden for half an hour; and while apparently wholly absorbed in pruning or transplanting, she was really engaged in her work; and the apparent loss of time was amply repaid by the rapidity with which she wrote out the ideas conceived and matured during this healthful recreation. A word, however, spoken to her at such times, would have caused a most painful interruption in the current of her thoughts—she compared the effect to a stone thrown

into a quiet running brook—and would utterly disable her from writing during the rest of the day,* a circumstance not easy to impress on the minds of servants. Even those who would most carefully refrain from addressing her, when they knew she was actually writing, could hardly understand that like care was needful when she was thus employed over her flowers.

Her love for her garden was only

* The reader is doubtless aware that all communication was held with her by means of the finger alphabet, but so quick was her appreciation of what was thus said, and so easy was it for those about her to acquire great rapidity in this art, that her total deafness was hardly felt to be an inconvenience; sermons, speeches, conversations even of the most voluble speakers, were conveyed to her with the greatest ease, and with hardly the omission of the smallest word.

equalled by that for animals, but it was in their unrestrained happiness that she delighted. Their habits—wants—feelings, were studied and understood by her, and closely attended to, and seldom did horses, dogs, pigeons, fowls, cockatoos, parrots, falcons, squirrels, dormice and white mice, lead a more undisturbed life of happiness, than when under her keeping. She felt that the alienation of God's creatures from man was part of the penalty for man's original, his habitual sin; and their reconciliation, and their love to her, gave her a foretaste of the enjoyment she anticipated when, that curse being removed, the child should lay its hand on the cockatrice's den. The true secret of her great love

for animals lay in her heartfelt and constant realization of the poet's words,

" My Father made them all !"

The least approach to cruelty or neglect to animals, produced in her a feeling of intense indignation ; and the inculcation of this principle in the minds of children, she held to be of the greatest importance ; and with this view she wrote a little book for boys called " Kindness to Animals," containing many interesting anecdotes of facts which had occurred under her own eye.

Her evenings in summer were devoted to exercise ; and a walk of ten or twelve miles was the no uncommon conclusion of a day, the early part of which

had been divided between close application at her desk, and hard work in her garden. During the year 1842, in addition to her editorial labors, she wrote a work on angelic ministration, under the title of "Principalities and Powers in Heavenly Places." This subject was one on which she delighted to dwell, and on which she had already written two striking papers in her magazine; they bore the title of "Neglected Friends," and were signed R. H. F., (Christian Lady's Magazine, January and April, 1847.) "Conformity," "Dangers and Duties," and "Falsehood and Truth," also appeared during this year.

But public events occurred, which were to her of most stirring and absorb-

ing interest. Words cannot describe her intense joy and astonishment at hearing of the erection of the Protestant bishopric at Jerusalem, and that a Jew, who had been her honored friend for nearly sixteen years, was called, in the providence of God, to occupy this new and important post. True it is, that a great change took place in her views on this subject, and of that change, and the subsequent development of opinions which already began to assume a tangible form in her mind, it will be the writer's duty, in compliance with her almost dying charge to him, to lay before the Christian public a brief sketch. But at this time she saw, in this appointment, the seeming return of

God's favor to His own beloved nation ; —a circumcised Jew once more in authority on the very heights of Zion, was an event so unexpected,—so dazzling, that for the moment she overlooked, or was unwilling to see, many attendant circumstances which soon plainly showed her, that however important the event, it was not, as she fondly trusted it was, the realization of her long cherished hopes, the incipient restoration of Israel. "A Stray Chapter on Flowers," in the Magazine for December, 1841, and the "Protestants," or concluding papers of this period, give so vivid an account of the impressions she then entertained, that further remarks would be superfluous.

Before this period her attention had been turned to the true position in which the Christian Jew stood towards his Gentile fellow saints and fellow believers. The same independent study of Scripture, discarding all human glosses and commentaries, which had enabled her, by the Lord's help, to detect and resist the many heresies with which the enemy of souls had sought to beguile her from the true faith of the Gospel, as narrated in the preceding pages, had again been resorted to, and she had been already brought to the conviction, from Scripture alone, that as the covenant which granted to Abraham and to his seed forever the inheritance of the land of Canaan, had never been set aside, so nei-

ther was circumcision, the outward seal of that covenant, to be rent from off the bond; and a few days before his departure from England, she addressed a solemn, respectful letter to Bishop Alexander, urging him, on returning to the land of his fathers, to circumcise his sons, and testify by this act his belief that they had part and lot in the promised temporal inheritance.

Continual study of Scripture matured and developed her views on this important subject; and as they have been misunderstood and misrepresented, it will be desirable in this place somewhat to anticipate the remaining brief narrative, in order to state them distinctly.

Having sought in vain in the Gospels

for any abrogation of the command to circumcise every male of the house of Israel, she next proceeded to a close investigation of the Acts and Epistles of the Apostles. Every step in the inquiry led to fuller and firmer conviction. Paul returns to Jerusalem, and declares to the brethren "what things God had wrought among the Gentiles by his ministry, (Acts xxi. 19.) They glorify God for these his wondrous works; and then James and the elders, in the name of the church, reminding him of the "many myriads of Jews which believe and are all zealous of the law," tell him that a rumor obtains amongst them, that he had been teaching "*all the Jews* which are amongst the Gentiles, to forsake

Moses, (literally, apostasy from Moses;) saying that they *ought not to circumcise their children*, neither to walk after the customs;" and in order to disprove this calumny, and in order "that all may know that these things are nought," and that Paul himself "walked orderly and kept the law," they propose to him to take the vow of a Nazarite, in the face of all the people, and thus openly to declare his innocence from the alleged charge. Paul agreed to the terms, took the vow, shaved his head, appeared in the temple, and thus testified to the believing Jews, that were zealous of the law, that **THESE THINGS WHICH THEY WERE INFORMED OF HIM WERE NOUGHT.**

Objectors replied to her, in convers-

ing on the subject, that in so doing Paul merely yielded to the prejudices of his countrymen ; that he erred in so doing ; and that all his subsequent troubles and captivity arose from this very act. "If Paul," she replied—"If Paul had really done what they accused him of,—had really taught Jews not to circumcise their children,—and yet now, for fear of the Jews in Jerusalem, consented to make this solemn denial of the fact,—no words can express the extent of his hypocrisy. It would have been a most deliberate, solemn, acted-out *lie*, coupled with sacrilege,—the very temple of God and the divine ordinances of Moses being used as a mask and cloak for the deception." These are almost her own words ;

and in order to show that Paul's captivity was no penal infliction on him, but indeed the very means by which he was to rear the trophies of the conquering Gospel, even in Cæsar's palace, she pointed to the circumstance, that on the very night when the chief captain had rescued him from the mob who beset him, the Lord stood by him and bade him be of good cheer, for as he had testified of Him in Jerusalem, so should he also testify of Him in Rome. His captivity was rather a reward than a punishment; and it is to be observed, that those who assaulted him were the unbelieving Jews, not those who, while they believed in Jesus, were yet zealous of the law; and the alleged cause of

their attack was a totally different and a false one, (Acts xxi. 28, 29.)

The circumcision of Timothy, and the non-circumcision of Titus, were circumstances which at once fell into their places. The former by his mother's side was entitled to this seal; the latter was wholly a Greek.

The feast of the Passover—the wearing the fringed garments—the abstaining from unclean meats—were then examined in the same manner; standing however on a different ground from circumcision, which was not of Moses but of the Fathers; and nowhere could she find that the Christian missionary had a warrant to burden the conscience of the Jew who was seeking salvation by

the blood of the Lamb—who saw in JESUS of Nazareth his promised Messiah, his redeeming kinsman—by requiring him to cease the observance of those national ordinances which, not being dependent on the existence of the Temple, are yet possible to him in the lands of his dispersion; and it was to the last her firm, unshaken belief, that the believing Jews did observe all the ordinances during the whole period of the New Testament history; and that the priests, numbers of whom became obedient to the faith, did not cease to perform their office; seeing in the lamb, as it bled under their sacrificial knife, a lively retrospective type of the one sac-

rifice—the Lamb of God, whose blood had cleansed them from all sin.

She noticed particularly, that the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews dwells almost exclusively on ordinances, which the Roman Eagle, God's avenging minister, was about to sweep away and render impossible, viz. : the Temple services,—the Sacrifices—and the exercise of the functions of the Aaronic priesthood.

The Paschal Lamb, too, though not in itself a Sacrifice for sin, could only be killed in Jerusalem—but no such limitation attaches to keeping the days of unleavened bread, nor that night to be much observed unto the Lord for bringing them out from the land of Egypt,

(Ex. xii. 42,) in the celebration of which the believing Jew, partaker of a greater redemption, even from a spiritual house of bondage, might, in obedience to his Lord's commands, add the sweet remembrancer of broken bread and poured out wine, and sing with melody in the heart, the song of Moses and of the Lamb.

Once her mind was convinced on these points, no worldly considerations—no probable loss of popularity as a Christian writer—no fear of offending friends whom she loved—could induce her to keep back opinions. No; she felt that it was truth, important truth, and at any hazard it must be told. She knew that it would be unwelcome to

thousands, for if her views were Scriptural, then were all the mighty efforts the Church had hitherto made, unscriptural; and to the fact of their being so, did she attribute the small amount of success that had as yet crowned their labors. In November, 1842, she wrote and published a letter to Bishop Alexander on this subject,* and it is still before the Church; for the one reply that has been made to it, can hardly be called an answer.

Let it not for a moment be supposed that she wished the observance of these ordinances to be pressed upon Jewish converts; she only contended for their

* *Israel's Ordinances: a few thoughts on their Perpetuity*; in a letter to the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Jerusalem.

Christian liberty to follow the teaching of the Holy Spirit, whatever that might be. She wished the Gospel, and the Gospel alone—Christ Jesus and Him crucified—to be proclaimed to the Jews. She wished them to hear the message, “Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved,” unaccompanied by any such additions as—“cease to circumcise your sons; work on the seventh-day Sabbath; throw aside the Talith; and eat swine’s flesh,”—conditions which of course are never expressed in words, but are practically enforced. And is not this, she said, making “uncircumcision” to avail something? or, at least, must it not seem so to the poor inquiring Jew?

The charge, hinted by some, that she

kept back from the Jews the essential saving truths of the Gospel, is at once refuted by referring the reader to the many papers which she wrote at this time in her Magazine, expressly addressed to the Jews, and extensively read by them, and commented on in their public organ.

And to this subject, the establishment of an Independent Jewish Press, attention must now be directed, for deeply did it engage her mind. In the beginning of the year 1842, she first saw a number of the "Voice of Jacob," a newspaper which had recently been established in London, and she hailed its appearance with great joy. She had long grieved over the ignorance which pre-

veiled amongst Christians as to the real state, character, and feelings of the Jews, and the great injury that was continually done to the cause of truth by the numberless calumnies, unwillingly propagated by sincere Christians, and received as facts by attentive hearers; and in the very last article that she dictated, when no longer able to wield her pen, in the month of June, 1846, she says:—"A certain class of statements, alike painful and unjust to our Hebrew brethren, are continually going the round of the press, the pulpit, and the platform; not, we are sure, with any design either to pain or to calumniate them, but simply because such statements have been taken on trust from obscure,

malicious, or ignorant sources, and are now brought forward with the best possible intentions, to excite our Christian compassion for the desperate state of blindness, hardness of heart, and active hostility against the truth, which are supposed to form the leading features in the character of the Jew." And further on in this paper, after refuting and disproving the absurd yet oft repeated assertion, that the 53d chapter of Isaiah is wilfully and designedly excluded from the Synagogue service, she adds, " Away with such means for promoting Christianity among the Jews ! it can promote nothing but contempt and mistrust on their part. We do bless God for the establishment of an Anglo Jewish Press ;

it is one of our sweetest reflections that we did, with all our weak power, while yet wholly ignorant who were its conductors, help forward the circulation of the 'Voice of Jacob.' In this we stood alone among Christians: we were rebuked, and chidden, and publicly admonished for countenancing a publication that could not but be opposed to Christianity. All manner of Popish, all manner of worldly periodicals made their way unimpeded; but no sooner did the first people of the earth dare to lift up their voice in a manly and generous defence of their own national character, than it became a sort of sin to name the work in public, lest any one should be

tempted to read it, and be judaized out of hand by its insidious doctrines."

She rejoiced that the Jew could now speak out for himself, say who and what he was. Strong in invincible truth, she feared no damage to its sacred cause by fair and open discussion, and in matters of faith and doctrine, she felt it to be infinitely better that the men of Jacob should be able to bring forth their strong reasons, instead of feeling that their voice was stifled in a one-sided controversy.

But its importance to the national character and prospects of the Jew most deeply impressed her; and when she saw that the "Voice of Jacob" never failed to point the Jew to Palestine, as

his own inalienable heritage, she at once gave the undertaking the full support of her pen. Her advocacy was noticed and most kindly acknowledged in the columns of that paper, and an intimacy, which soon ripened into the warmest, most affectionate friendship, soon sprung up between her and its talented and devoted editor and proprietor, Jacob A. Franklin, Esq.;—a friendship, which proved a solace and a comfort during many an hour of pain and sickness and suffering; and which, “strong as death,” was remembered in her very latest hour.

To resume the narrative: The following works were written during the years 1842 and 1843:—“The Wrongs of Woman;” the “Church Visible in

all Ages;" and "Second Causes, or Up and be Doing." But a more than usual amount of her own writing appeared in the C. L. Magazine, on the subject which now engrossed her attention:—the cause of Israel, and the noble efforts of her benevolent friend, Lord Ashley, in behalf of the children and women in mines and factories. It may also be mentioned, that her acknowledged and known works do not comprise the whole of the labors of her pen.

In 1844, the Emperor Nicholas visited England, and she at once saw the importance of appealing to him in behalf of his oppressed and burdened Jewish subjects. The idea once conceived was instantly carried into effect. She was

told that it was impossible—that the Emperor's visit was strictly a private one to the Queen of England, and that any such step would be indecorous. But these arguments were powerless when a hope, however distant, appeared of relieving, by even a feather's weight, the load that pressed upon these poor sufferers. She penned a most touching and respectful memorial to his majesty,—two days only remained of his sojourn in England,—a competent artist was employed to work during the night in writing it out most elegantly, on vellum, and in the two following days, hiring a carriage for the purpose, she took it to the residences of her influential friends, and obtained the signa-

tures of Bishops, Peers, Privy Counsellors and Members of Parliament, each affixing to his name his rank and designation ; and all the names were those of men who feared the Lord. The memorial was presented, and on the Emperor's return to Russia a gracious reply was transmitted through the resident Ambassador.

A similar memorial was presented by Sir Moses Montefiore and the Jewish Board of Deputies ; and these were the only two addresses received by the Emperor during his visit to England. This was the last public act, requiring personal exertion, in which she was permitted to engage. A few months before this a slight nodosity made its appear-

ance in one of the left axillary glands ; so slight, that for some months she did not think it of sufficient importance to name, even to the writer. It soon increased rapidly in size, though unaccompanied with pain or other inconvenience, until about the end of the year, and on the 24th Dec. it was pronounced by Mr. Liston to be cancer. She was firmly resolved to submit to no operation ; but her resolution on this point was not tested, for Mr. Liston declared that no operation, even in the earlier stages of the disease, could have been attempted with any hope of success, situated as it was in a nest of glands. It soon opened and rapidly spread, so as to render writing both

painful and difficult, and in the following touching words she first announced the sad intelligence to her readers, in a paper entitled "Mogador and the Jews."

"And now out of a full heart, we must address our beloved friends on a subject so near and dear to us all, that, though the enfeebled hand which traces these lines is compelled to cease from all other work, it will never relinquish the conducting of the Christian Ladies' Magazine, while life enough remains to make it a medium for pleading this cause. We have been charged with bandying literary compliments with the conductors of 'The Voice of Jacob,' because our remarks are often quoted in that periodical.

“ We have been taxed with seeking a spurious sort of popularity among the Jews, by putting forth views less opposed to their national principles, than the more orthodox creed of our more learned brethren; or at least with suffering our ardent affection for the race, so to overcome our Christian faithfulness as to induce a compromise of truths unpalatable to them. Now, to all this we have one reply to make, that will pain many who read it: namely, that we are, and have been for twelve months, struck with a mortal disease. For so long has cancer been preying on this worthless flesh, eating away its strength, and rendering that a most laborious and painful toil, which was before a delight-

ful recreation; while many a sharp pang repeats the warning that would—that *must* compel us to trample under foot any such inducement to compromise as we have been suspected of listening to. No; we never did, we never will compromise the faithfulness of the Gospel. The Lord (blessed forever be the name of the Lord!) has most mercifully planted this silver arrow in the left side:—the right is free; the right hand forgets not its cunning:—JERUSALEM is not forgotten.”

Prophetic words! for when that dear right hand lay powerless by her side, and when that tongue was cleaving,—even in death’s last struggle,—to the

roof of her mouth, JERUSALEM was not forgotten !

The painful details of her suffering shall not be dwelt upon. Suffice it to say, that the Lord was true to all His promises, and upheld His child while He lovingly chastened her ; and comforted her, with all His own tenderness, even while he kept her in the furnace. Often did she exclaim, " Thank God for the cancer !" Often did she declare that nothing could have suited her so well, and she would dwell on the Lord's distinguishing love in selecting the very stroke she most needed ; for bodily pain was new to her, and above all bodily weakness, while her mind retained its *fullest*, freshest vigor. This latter cir-

cumstance, as well as the total absence of that dreadful lancinating pain so common to cancer, she attributed wholly, under God, to the Homœopathic remedies and the abstinence from every kind of opiate. This system of treatment was employed from the very first, as for some years previously she had experienced its striking efficacy in every case in which it had been employed, and it was persevered in to the last, Mr. Liston's surgical opinion merely having been taken in consultation with her own physician. Several papers on Homœopathy, from her pen, will be found in her magazine.

It sufficed to speak to her of the Lord's speedy coming—of the future

glory of Zion—or any kindred theme, and pain and suffering were forgotten; and few could believe that it was a dying woman, suffering intense agony with every motion of her body, while they saw her face kindling and glowing with animation, and heard her utter forth the stirring thoughts that filled her soul.

Kindness, and love, and sympathy, poured in on every side; and in her name, would the writer now tell all those unknown correspondents who addressed her in such soothing and tender words, that though her own pen could not thank them, nor even her dearest and known friends, she remembered all *their* affection before the Lord, and en-

treated Him to recompense it a hundred fold into their bosoms, and to accept it all as done unto Himself, in the person of His unworthy servant.—Sick and ye visited ME.

From the moment it became known that old cambric would be a comfort to her, supplies of the softest and finest never failed; and very precious to her were similar tokens of affection and sympathy from Jewish sisters, who, though they knew her not, loved her for loving their nation. It was her prayer that they too might find, and know, and love that Redeemer whom they were thus unconsciously visiting in his poor afflicted disciple.

In the summer of this year, 1845, she

removed to London, to the official residence of her husband; a change which, from many circumstances, greatly conduced to her comfort. Indeed, her present state of health would have rendered his absence from her during the whole day quite impossible. Sea air being recommended, she determined to go to Sandgate; but an apparent accident,—fraught however with remarkable consequences,—the breaking of the engine of the steam vessel, compelling the passengers, in mid-river, to betake themselves to the boats, led her to Ramsgate, where she became personally acquainted with her dear friends Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore, and where eventually she was to find her last

sleeping place, until the trumpet shall bid her rise to meet the Lord in the air.

Immediately on her arrival, Sir Moses and Lady M. visited her, and overwhelmed her, during her stay, with attentions and kindness. She visited them at their noble residence on the East Cliff; and it was a joyous moment to her when, standing with Sir M. in a window in his library, overlooking the sea, he pointed his hand over the green water and said, "There is Jerusalem;" and one vied with the other in repeating from the prophet Isaiah the glorious promises of Israel's future.

On her return to London her sufferings became comparatively mitigated;

but the disease continued to advance b
slow degrees, and her strength greatl
to fail. Hæmorrhages now became fre
quent and alarming, and contributed t
weaken her. Her left arm became fea
fully swollen, and wholly useless; bu
still she continued the conduct of he
magazine, and to facilitate the mechar
ical operation of writing she invente
during one of her sleepless nights,
machine, which was immediately cor
structed by a clever carpenter. It coi
sisted of two rollers on a frame; on th
lower one many yards of paper wei
rolled, and as fast as she filled a pag
writing with her frame upon her kne
a turn of a small winch wound off th
MS. to the upper roller, and brought u

a clean surface of paper. In this manner she would write papers for the press, and letters to friends, measuring three or four or six yards in length. Dictation was very difficult to her ; no pen but her own could follow her thoughts with sufficient rapidity ; nor did she resort to this mode of writing until absolutely compelled to it, during the last two months of her life.

The formation, or rather the proposed formation of the Evangelical Alliance, was the last event in this passing world in which she evinced deep interest. From the moment she had read the narrative of the wonderful conference of the Brethren in Liverpool, her whole soul was engaged in this most blessed

work. She longed to labor in the cause, and had the Lord spared her, her pen would have been devoted to its advocacy. In January, 1846, the first public meeting was held in London. She prayed earnestly that the Lord would give her sufficient strength to attend it, and He heard her prayer. For some previous days her strength seemed much renewed, and to the astonishment of her friends, she was enabled to sit for five hours, intensely enjoying the blessed scene before her. Thus she describes, in the February number of her magazine, her last visit to

“Exeter Hall! the scene of many a deeply interesting hour,—the more enjoyed, perhaps, because not frequented

but on occasions where the prevailing topic of the day was some one to which a peculiar chord in the heart vibrated. I did not think to have again, under existing circumstances, taken my place among the thousands congregated within those walls; and when a friend laid before me tickets for the side gallery, it seemed almost like tantalizing a hungry person with the sight of forbidden food. But then came the mental query, 'Can any real good be gained, or any additional opportunity for usefulness be secured, by making an effort that undoubtedly might be made?' The answer was decidedly affirmative: where a company of avowed believers were assembled together, in the name of the

Lord Jesus, and expressly for the purpose of promoting that peace and love which are the brightest ornaments of His church, He could not fail to be in the midst of them; nor could any fail of sharing a blessing who took part in such proceedings. This would be a real, solid advantage; while in the way of usefulness, much was to be hoped from the realizing effect produced in the mind by actually witnessing what could not be adequately represented on paper. Prayer was answered; an interval of ease was vouchsafed; strength sufficient for the occasion was given; and sweetly refreshing to the spirit will ever be the remembrance of those five hours enjoyed in Exeter Hall."

Many reasons combined to make the speech of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel particularly touching to her, and the following incident must be recorded in her own words. After a graphic description of all the proceedings, she continues as follows. "Mr. Noel was particularly energetic; he grappled with hostile arguments, and prepared his co-operating brethren for the extreme of opposition that Satan would raise against a work so eminently accordant with the very life and soul of the Gospel. He alluded to the resistance that he, personally, had encountered, and was daily encountering, in the active prosecution of the work; and he spoke as one who was ready to bear and to

do all things through the strengthening power of Christ. The readers of the Christian Lady's Magazine may easily comprehend how, in that hour of sacred fellowship, its editor's heart smote her: *not* for having, on various points connected with Ireland and political matters, differed from Mr. Noel; *not* for having openly protested against opinions in which she did not, nor does now concur; but for having expressed that dissent in language of petulance, asperity and uncharitableness, for which the only excuse to be made is an unconditional acknowledgment of error, an unreserved request for pardon at our brother's hand. We have, since that blessed meeting, said this and more by

letter, to himself, and received a most ready Christian response. We now publicly repeat the retraction of every harsh, every unsisterly word; and we pray that all may be obliterated from the minds of those who remember it."

After forcibly dwelling on the opposition which Satan would raise against this holy work, she adds: "Is there no admonition conveyed to us in the pathetic reproof, 'How often would I have gathered thy children together, *as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings*, and ye would not?'—We have all seen that lovely spectacle,—at the approach of danger or darkness, or when the parent thought the little ones had been too long separated from her and from each

other,—a parcel of straggling, helpless chickens, at the well-known call, running helter-skelter to the delightful refuge; and small care do they take for precedence, poor things, each being intent on nestling as close as it can to the warmth-giving bosom, and on getting close to its fat, soft little brothers and sisters, for an additional share in the aggregate of heat and domestic comfort. This is the time, and this is the place, where chickens grow and thrive; here they acquire muscle and sinew, and a good coating of substantial feathers. Apart from this all is vain; neither feeding nor fighting will do. They may continue in most exclusive independence, ruffling their down at every

brother's approach, and stoutly maintaining that each has found the best hole to scratch in for a maintenance; but thrive they will not. Oh that now, while the winning call is going forth throughout the land, to gather the scattered brood together, under the wings of redeeming love, not one may be found of whom it can ultimately be said that he 'would not.'" These extracts will suffice to show her earnest and intense zeal in the cause of the Evangelical Alliance.

Her residence in London afforded her many delightful interviews with beloved friends of former days; and these farewell visits, as they proved to be, will be remembered by many with no

common interest; and it will be a pleasant reflection to many to know how much she was cheered and soothed by them. Mention must also be made of the kind and unremitting attention of her dear friend and pastor, the Rev. R. W. Dibdin, who now ministered in her own church in West street, St. Giles; where she had so often worshipped with her dear Irish converts. She was unable, indeed, to attend his public ministrations, but she delighted to feel that she was again a member of the West street congregation.

On their return from Russia, Sir M. and Lady Montefiore renewed their kindness and friendship, and on his first visit, after he had cheered her very soul

by relating how the Lord had prospered his way in this mission, she repeated, with an energy not to be forgotten, the whole of the 120th psalm.

It was evident to all who saw her, that her time was now short, though few anticipated how near at hand was the day of her departure. She was herself sanguine, not indeed in the hope of a final recovery, but that the disease had run its course,—for all the symptoms, except the bleeding, were much mitigated,—and that she might yet be spared, even for some years, to labor for the Lord on earth ; and in this belief, misled perhaps by hope, the writer strongly shared ; nor did he realize the nearness of her end till the damps of death were

on her brow. With this impression on her mind she wrote the following Preface, in the month of June, to the 25th volume of her magazine—the last she was to see completed.

“ PREFACE.

“IN the common order of things, we could scarcely, perhaps, have calculated on completing our present volume, with a good hope of continuing the work endeared by more than twelve years’ devotion to it. But such is the tender mercy of the Lord, so gentle his dealings, so mild the hand of his fatherly chastisement, that by his dear help we not only continue to this day, in the en-

joyment of unabated health,* and cheerfulness of mind, but we feel more strongly than ever the blessed privilege of holding up even so humble and unpretending a banner as the Christian Lady's Magazine, among the ranks of those who are battling for the truth against multiplying error. It is recorded among the touching legends of Ireland, that when the followers of Brian the Brave, were contending for their liberties and their homes against the Danes, a severe contest had left many wounded among them. On the following day, the host was again called into the field, and the poor maimed sufferers who were unable

* By this she means that but for the local, bodily disease, her general health and appetite were unimpaired.

to support themselves, demanded to be placed, each wounded man between two sound ones; thus going once more into action, and winning with their commanders a brilliant victory ere they died. We often think of this; like the true-hearted Irish, we are loth to quit the field, or to withhold our poor crippled aid from the glorious cause. But protracted suffering induces some feebleness; the mechanical action of writing is exceedingly difficult now, and we call on our dear friends to help us on by their continued prayers, the blessed effects of which we have so richly experienced; that we may neither faint nor flee, but labor still with untiring devotion; and if such be the Lord's good pleasure, live

to behold the coming triumph. It is coming, and even at hand. On every side the clouds are breaking, which so long have veiled the bright future. All is in a state of transition, nothing remains as it was a few years back ; and dimly seen, yet sufficiently to be identified, the lion-banner of Judah loosens its mighty folds from the bands of many generations, gleaming in the distance, a sure star of hope,—of rest to the troubled world. We never closed a volume with more joyous feelings than the present : may the Lord quickly realize every anticipation that is founded on the firm basis of his unchangeable promise !

“ WHITEHALL, June, 1846.”

To her, indeed, the Lord has realized all her brightest anticipations ;—to her the bright future is unveiled indeed. And who, who knew and loved her, did not think of her when the recent calamities befell her beloved Ireland ? Who did not feel that she had been indeed graciously removed before the evil days came !

A friend brought her ~~the~~ rooted cutting from a plant, which had been found growing in the arid soil of Bethlehem, and she greatly delighted as she gazed on it, to quote the words, “ He shall grow up as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground.” On the subject of personal assurance she never had been in the habit of speaking much, but

its reality was best evidenced by the strong, fearless, passionate, almost impatient longing of her very soul for the Lord's personal return, which she daily looked for. Of herself, she held the very lowest, basest estimate; and few things grieved and pained her more, than when friends alluded to the results of her labors, as evidences of her own acceptance with God. She knew, indeed, that many saints were in glory,—that many were on the road to glory, through God's blessing on her feeble and sin-defiled instrumentality; "and yet," she would add, "I might be but the finger-post that points the road, but moves not on." About a fortnight before her death, she suffered greatly in mind;—all

comfort was gone,—darkness was on her soul. The sin of irritability, constantly yielded to—and who, beholding her poor afflicted body, could wonder at it—and as often mourned over, with tears and anguish of heart, seemed to her utterly incompatible with her being a child of God. She did not doubt the sufficiency of the Saviour, but simply whether if He had indeed called her, it were possible that she should show so little conformity to His image. This for the time was the language, not of her lips only, but of her inmost heart; and every moment some brief remark would betray the conflict she was enduring with the enemy. At last the writer said to her suddenly, “ Without attempt-

ing to contradict what you say, if you have not yet come to Jesus, come to Him now," and opening a Bible, read to her, on his fingers, the simplest promises and invitations that could be selected for one who had never heard the Gospel. The Lord blessed His own word—she remained silent for some time, and then "prayed," to use her own expression, her favorite hymn, "Rock of ages, cleft for me;"—dwelling with special earnestness on the line, "Cleanse me from its guilt and *power*." From that time, with but slight interruptions, her heart and tongue were full of praise to God for all his goodness to her. Once she said, "What a nasty, offen-

sive thing is smoking flax, and yet Jesus will not quench it."

She now greatly desired again to visit the sea-side, and the doctors concurring in thinking that the change might be beneficial, Ramsgate was selected, and the 10th of July fixed for her departure. She was very weak, and it was necessary to carry her from her apartments in the United Service Institution, to the carriage. It had been her wish that the six sergeants attached to the Institution should bear her pall, in the event of her death taking place there. They carried her now, alive indeed, but with the hand of death upon her. She thanked them most cordially for all their kindness and attention to

her during her illness, and shaking hands with each, asked the Lord to bless them. On the way to the Terminus, she passed the great Mass house now rearing itself in St. Georges fields ; she leant forward, and holding up her hand in denunciation against it, repeated in Hebrew, as had always been her wont, the words of the Psalm, " O, daughter of Babylon, that art to be destroyed !" On arriving at the station, she found that every care had been taken for her comfort, a separate carriage having been fitted up for her, by order of the chairman, enabling her to lie down ; and her ever kind friend, Sir Moses, waiting to bid her farewell, with a basket of the choicest grapes to

refresh her during the journey. Her constant exclamation was, "How good the Lord is, to make every one so kind to me!" As soon as the carriage door was closed, she asked her companions,—her husband and her faithful servant, Mary Helms,—to kneel down and ask for support during the travelling, and the prayer was graciously heard. When passing through Canterbury, her attention was directed to the splendid Cathedral—she said, "Yes, it is very grand; but there is where the martyrs were starved to death!" pointing to the towers of an ancient gateway, which spans one of the main streets of the city.

She arrived at Ramsgate at half past six, and went to an hotel, as the apart-

ments she was to occupy on the West cliff, were not yet ready. She was fatigued and exhausted, and immediately retired to rest; and her delight was great at finding that, as she lay on her pillow, she had a full view of the sea and entrance to the harbor. On the following morning a slight bleeding commenced, which soon became alarming, and a surgeon was immediately called in. He succeeded in stanching the hemorrhage, but not before much blood had been lost, as it was one of the larger blood-vessels that had now been invaded by the cancer. Mr. Ayres, the surgeon, made some remark on her tranquillity and resignation, to which she replied, "It is the love of Jesus that sus-

tains me !” She now grew very faint, and Mr. Ayres’ attention was unremitting. She then said, “ My flesh and my heart fail me, but Jesus does not fail me !” A little weak wine and water somewhat revived her, and she said to Mr. A., as he left the room, with some energy, “ Do you love the Lord Jesus ?” and showed pleasure when he gave a sign of assent. She then bade those around her kneel, and pray ; saying, “ Pardon and acceptance ;— nothing more.”

Her kind Jewish friends, Mr. and Mrs. Myers, had heard of her arrival, and immediately came to see her. She was too feeble to speak much, but was just able to tell them that Jesus upheld

her, that He was her only hope and refuge.

Towards the evening she rallied, and during the whole night was calm and cheerful, even to playfulness ; but hardly an hour passed without the words, "How very good He is to me!" When the midnight train had arrived from London, she was a little disappointed at finding that Mr. Hering, her medical attendant—to whom a special messenger had been sent on the occurrence of the bleeding—could not arrive till the next day, and remarked, that she did not think she should live to see him.

Early in the morning of the 12th, a marked change was apparent in her countenance,—her breathing became

somewhat oppressed,—and at eleven o'clock she suddenly exclaimed, “It is death!” Mr. Ayres was instantly sent for, and confirmed the sad truth. She seemed to suffer no pain,—no sigh or groan escaped her; her countenance was calm and happy, and she kept her eyes steadily fixed on her husband, following his every motion, and showing uneasiness if for a moment he left her side. Life seemed slowly ebbing away. Once again her eyes brightened; her husband was leaning over her, and throwing her arm round his neck, and pressing his lips to hers, she exclaimed with intense emphasis, “I love you!”

All thought that these were her last words; but it soon became evident

that she was gathering her remaining strength for a mighty effort; and then, with death in every look and tone—gasping between each word, but with a loud, clear and distinct voice, she uttered these words: “Tell them,” naming some dear Jewish friends—“tell —, that Jesus—is the Messiah—and tell”—

Her hand *had* forgotten its cunning; her tongue *was* cleaving to the roof of her mouth—but Charlotte Elizabeth had not forgotten Jerusalem!

The breathings grew fainter and fainter—her brow was slightly convulsed—and at twenty minutes past two, she fell asleep in Jesus.

She had charged her husband, two months before her death, never to lay

her in a vault, but in a simple earth-dug grave, and in a perishable coffin, disliking all attempts to avert the Almighty decree, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." On visiting the lake of Mullingar, in 1837, where her beloved brother had been drowned, she brought from its banks a simple plant, which she preserved in her various gardens, and latterly, in a flower-pot. This, she charged him to plant on her grave, over which no stone was to be laid, but the spot to be marked by a plain head-stone, dictating the epitaph, which, with the addition of the date, has been thus inscribed :—

CHARLOTTTE ELIZABETH.

85

HERE

LIE THE MORTAL REMAINS

OF

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH,

THE

BELOVED WIFE

OF

LEWIS HYPOLYTUS JOSEPH TONNA,

WHO

DIED ON THE 12th OF JULY,

MDCCCXLVI,

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.



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